

A large red Torii gate graphic is centered on the page, framing the title text. The gate consists of two vertical pillars and a horizontal crossbar.

ELEVEN WEEKS IN A JAPANESE POLICE CELL

BY

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About the Cover Design

THE DESIGN on the cover is of an object familiar and beautiful in the Japanese scene—the Torii or gateway of a Shinto shrine. These gates have great artistic value; they should be among the noblest objects in pre-Christian Japanese civilization. They are concerned with the human effort towards fulfilment of that divine purpose for the nations “. . . that they should seek God if haply they might feel after Him and find Him.”

Alas for the perversity of our human nature. These same beautiful Torii have now become reminders and evidences of godlessness and oppression.

Godlessness? Yes. Strange phenomenon; for Japanese militarists (when it suited them) have repudiated their own gods by declaring that the ceremonies of the national shrines are not religious; at other times (when it suited them) they say the opposite and vaunt that there are no gods like their “kami.”

It was because the author had refused and actively opposed token of acquiescence by Christians to claims of Japanese divinity that he found himself finally in a Japanese police cell—numbers of his Korean friends had already suffered shockingly for a like reason. One of the reasons, a minor one, perhaps, but a real and valid one which weighed with him against consenting to a formal bow, divorced from internal consent, was this—he refused to treat the gods of Japan with the same disrespect to which cynical Japanese super-patriots were exposing them. After all they had been the objects of veneration for many generations of Japanese—their gods. These gods were now to be employed and exploited by the militarists, and made, with empty bows, the instruments and conveniences of their ambitions.

I am no Shintoist, but I have too much respect for the wistful quest of simple souls after God to treat Shintoism like that

—C.M.L.

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Foreword by the Moderator-General of
the Presbyterian Church of Australia

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FOREWORD

*By the Moderator-General of the Presbyterian
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SOMETIMES A FOREWORD lends distinction to a book. Sometimes it makes no difference. And occasionally a book lends distinction to the Foreword, or to its writer. Such is the case with this book. Although it is a great honour to be asked to write a Foreword here, it is also a great embarrassment. An honest Foreword would pay tribute to the qualities of Dr. McLaren and to the book he has written, which is now running into another edition. But this great and honest Christian doctor does not want that honest Foreword. He wants, he demands, something harder and more honest than praise can ever be. He asks for an estimate of usefulness. But that we must leave to the intelligent reader who, of course, is reading the Foreword first. Here, then, O Reader, is the material for your verdict.

This book tells the tale of Dr. McLaren's eleven weeks as a war-time civilian prisoner of the Japanese. He was not actually tortured. He was only dirty, mentally starved, and had a few other less pleasant experiences. But the story fulfils the same function as the Acts of Apostles in the New Testament. We see what happens when a Christian man meets a wholly non-Christian community or people in direct and head-long collision. We see through the eyes of an undoubted Christian the judgment of God as to the rights and wrongs involved in this war. And this God is no sentimentalist. He knows when the truth is painful. And He is not afraid of the surgeon's weapons.

Out of it all comes an interpretation of Japanese character, a judgment on the war, and a clear leading as to the way to handle the making of peace with the Japanese when they have been truly defeated. This Man from Japan is no jingoist. He knows that British policy has often been inept and clumsy, if not worse. But he knows the Japanese military caste. It needs conquering. But the Japanese problem in the East will not be settled by military victory alone. Here are suggestions in example as well as in

precept, also the way it can be settled. The Christian way can be tried this time. For all that this book reveals of the writer's character, his utter sincerity of Christian practice, and for its glimpse of what Christian methods might do for mankind, the people of Australia should be grateful.

If this book is read by thousands of our public men and leaders in every walk of life, including the armed forces, it would go far to making a sane public opinion which might have a profound effect on the after-war world. I heartily commend the book to all who are concerned to make an early and final end of war. "Tolle, lege!" Take, read. It is good medicine from "the Christian doctor."

—R. WILSON MACAULAY.

Eleven Weeks in a Japanese Police Cell

The background, personal and general, of the experience which fell to me to become a prisoner in a Japanese police cell is briefly this.

My wife and I arrived in Korea in 1911—young, new members of the staff of the Australian Presbyterian Mission. Our first assignment was to the Paton Memorial Hospital in Chinju. In 1916, after the resignation of a senior colleague, I became superintendent of the hospital. In 1923 we were sent to the capital, where I took charge of the Department of Neurology and Psychological Medicine in the Severance Medical College.

1939 found me with a temporary assignment again in Chinju, though my wife and daughter remained in our home in Seoul. Mounting tensions in the Orient resulted, in October, 1940, in the withdrawal, under instructions from their Government, of the majority of the American missionaries.

In March, 1941, my wife and daughter (the latter had finished school and was due to continue her education) left for the homeland and in May of the same year the single women of the Mission reluctantly accepted the instructions of their Home Committee that they were to return to Australia and I was left the only European in Chinju, Southern Korea.

In June, 1941, the Japanese nation was profoundly shocked by Hitler's sudden declaration of war on Russia; this action made precarious Japan's own relations with Russia. Heavy reinforcements were rushed to the Japanese armies on the Manchuria border. Travel was greatly restricted even to Japanese nationals and to us foreigners it was forbidden. Our situation by now had become very like that of hostages, for new laws were introduced which prevented us from leaving the country before obtaining a police permit to do so. Increasing police pressure made social contacts with Koreans difficult for me and dangerous for them and even my work at the hospital had to be given up.

Arrest.

On the morning of the fateful 8th of December, the Korean detective assigned to keep oversight of me and my movements came up to my house, where I was engaged with my teacher in Japanese language study. He asked to see me privately and informed me that war had broken out with a Japanese bombing attack on Hawaii. I asked what my position was and whether I must remain in my house. He said he did not know exactly, but I would be informed later.

That evening, shortly before 8 o'clock, half a dozen police, Korean and Japanese, arrived at the house. At first I thought it was an interview and invited them in. Their bearing and actions quickly revealed the real situation. I was arrested, but without violence, and was led away to a waiting car. A friendly Korean policeman said he was sorry, but it was war.

I was left waiting for an hour or so at the Police Station; then the second-in-command came into the room. It was, I think, an after-hours visit on his part, made specially to see me. He said I was arrested as an enemy alien, but that Japan's chivalry was my safeguard against ill-treatment. On subsequent occasions he returned to this theme, contrasting Japan's conduct with the shocking treatment which, he alleged, was being meted out to Japanese internees in America.

I was then led away to the cell in which I was to live for the next eleven weeks. It was one of a dozen cells set in a sort of two-storied horse-shoe or amphitheatre arrangement, six cells below and six above. A guard seated in a rostrum, at what would correspond to the base of the horse-shoe, commanded all twelve cells and could see through the bars of the cells what was going on in each. A corridor ran round in front of those bars.

I was led along this corridor to the door of the cell to which I had been assigned. I was told to strip. The door of the cell was then opened and I stepped nude into the cell. My thoughts as I stood there stark naked? Like a flash that word of St. Paul's in his category of the things he was persuaded did **not** separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord—"Nor Nakedness." With that persuasion I entered on my term of imprisonment.

My clothes were searched. Everything taken from the pockets and possible means of suicide, such as braces and tie and straps, removed. My clothes—minus shoes—were then pushed through the bars and I dressed. It was mid-winter and quite cold, so I was

very pleased when a little later rugs and blankets and a warm dressing-gown were sent from my home and were permitted in the cell. There was no furniture whatever. One sat and slept on the wooden floor. At night a wooden block was provided for a pillow. The latrine was a shaft in the floor. Fortunately I was on the upper storey and there was a wooden lid to the latrine; also, the weather was cold so the stench was not bad, in fact after a while one scarcely noticed it. The building was new and the cell was clean. Ventilation was poor, but one welcomed that in the depth of a Korean winter. Lighting was through semi-opaque glass set into about a dozen 4-in. by 4-in. openings in the outside wall of the cell. These openings were too high up for the average Korean to see through, but by standing on tip-toe I could get a blurred view of the outside world. I became quite expert in telling the time by the position of the shadow of a poplar tree outside my cell. If less light than one might have desired was admitted by day, this was compensated for by an extra supply at night, for the electric light was kept blazing into our eyes all night through—this was unpleasant until one got used to it, or escaped by arranging some covering over one's eyes.

Daily Routine.

The daily routine was to be wakened by the call of the guard at 7 a.m. and told to get up. One then sat. That was the one and only occupation provided; talking was forbidden. There were no books. If the guard was good-natured, it was permitted to stand up or even walk about in the cell; but there was little of this for most prisoners. I was, however, given unusual privilege in these respects. There was no provision whatever for washing. During eleven weeks I had one opportunity of washing my body—when, for other reasons, I was taken back under escort to the hospital. There, by the leniency of my guard, I had a wash and change of underclothing. (There was opportunity for other change of underclothing.) I was once given a basin of water in which to wash my hands. This was when, roped up with another prisoner, a delinquent boy, I was led out of the cell and our finger-prints were taken.

For the rest, I made shift by dipping my handkerchief in the remains of my tea or in drinking water obtained from the guard. Also, I found that apple skins rubbed on the skin were very cleansing and were also an excellent and very agreeable dentifrice. It would appear that one may add to the old adage about the apple a day keeps the doctor away—also the dentist and the wash-basin.

To my relief I found, after the first day, that the amenity of toilet paper was available. It was at first a little embarrassing to have to call out one's need to the guard. He would then roll up a couple of pieces into little balls and try his luck in endeavouring to throw them from his rostrum through the bars into the cell. I learned later that in Seoul no such provision was made.

I was very well off for food, for I was permitted to have it sent from my home. I am filled with an abiding gratitude for the loyalty, the faithfulness, the resourcefulness and the self-sacrificing efforts of my Korean woman servant and other Korean friends who rallied to my need and out of their own need, poverty and amid difficulties with the police, kept me supplied with hot, nourishing and abundant food. There was evidence from time to time that their resources were being strained, but I never lacked of a sufficiency.

For the first few days I was alone in the cell. Later it filled up. There was a maximum of perhaps ten other prisoners in a cell 15 feet by 15 feet. Fortunately there was always room for all to lie down at night. The other prisoners in my cell were Koreans and for the most part proved quite decent fellows whose incarceration reflected more discredit on the Japanese police system than on their own characters. There were Japanese prisoners, but none in my cell. There were, of course, some real criminals among the total of about 80 persons being detained in the Police Station. There were a few women. They were in a cell to themselves. Their conversations with the guards did not certify highly to their modesty. Small events came to loom large in our life of detention. There was a daily inspection of all cells, which was conducted with some pomp and circumstance. During the inspection each prisoner was minutely searched. Any small breach of regulations was apt to be visited with swift and violent consequences, such as slapping on the face or that the prisoner was tripped and knocked down on the wooden floor. The guards were very adept at this form of assault; I take it they were taught a special ju-jitsu way to do it. Another form of punishment was to order that the arms be held up above the head for shorter or longer periods. No violence was ever done to me personally, but I was indignant at what I saw others less fortunate receiving.

We were not supposed to talk, but actually quite a lot of whispering went on. We very soon got to know the eccentricities of the different men on duty—what we could get away with and what we couldn't. One reverted entirely to the schoolboy type of morality which watches the master and breaks the rules if he thinks he won't be caught. One of my companions was a

middle-aged man who had been on the staff of a certain school. I had many interesting talks or, rather, whispers with him. He had a marvellous readiness in telling lies (I hope they were white lies) to the guard. I would be whispering to him and quite likely what I was saying was thoroughly subversive from the Japanese point of view. The guard might suddenly catch us and enquire of my friend what "the foreigner" was saying. Then with the utmost readiness he produced a circumstantial account of an entirely innocuous nature and one utterly remote from the subject of our conversation. I developed a conscience about these lies even though they were secondhand. I did not carry conscientiousness to the extent of confessing for the other man's sins, but at least I became careful not to be caught whispering!

I had opportunities of sharing and I hope helpfully sharing my Christian faith with my fellow-prisoners. New meaning has come to me of words of St. Paul written out of his prison experience. He writes of "My child, whom I have begotten in my bonds, Onesimus."

I think of a poor fellow, an ex-opium addict and arrested on a charge of selling opium. We became good friends. He was very thinly clad and I was able to help out there with an overcoat. He more than repaid anything I had done by the care with which, daily, he went through my underclothing (my own eyesight was not keen enough for the job) and on one day killed as many as 80 lice—we used to keep a tally; 80 was the maximum bag. I shall never forget the interest with which he listened to my whispered story of the long promise of the Coming One, of the life and death and rising again of Jesus of Nazareth and of the freedom from bondage and from fear which He gives to those who trust Him. He earnestly promised that when he was discharged he would buy a Testament and learn more of the Christian Way.

For the first two weeks of my incarceration I was kept deprived of my glasses and without any reading matter of any sort; even my New Testament, which I had slipped in my pocket at the time of arrest, had been taken from me. I accepted this treatment without comment for two weeks and then resolved to see what could be done about it.

A Protest.

I asked for an interview with the highest responsible officer. I had no intention of an "ad misericordium" appeal. My request for an interview was granted, after several days' delay.

I explained that I had not come asking for favours. I further explained that I recognized that, as an "enemy alien" I was due for police detention, but that I protested against the nature of the detention on three grounds: (1) that it was lawless, (2) that it was inhumane, and (3) that it did not provide for the universally recognized rights and need of even a criminal to the comforts of his religion. Clarifying these three points, I said that it was (a) contrary to international law that an internee should be herded with common prisoners, (b) that to be kept with absolutely nothing to do or to read was inhumane, and that (c) I had been deprived even of my New Testament.

The Superintendent's reply was interesting. "You think," he said, "you are here as an ordinary enemy alien internee. (Both he and his assistant had told me so on the day of arrest.) But this is not so; you are here under suspicion; we have a count against you!"

He was delivered into my hands by that reply. "Oh," I said, "and if you have something against me as a law-breaker, how comes it that I was not arrested till the 8th of December? Moreover," I added, "there is less justification, for, as you very well know, I came to you in person some months ago and invited you to come to my house and investigate me, my doings and my thoughts. I repeated that request several times through your subordinate and you failed to visit me; and now you arrest me."

Obviously there was no answer to this argument of mine and the man took it as rather a joke. A few days later I was given my spectacles, my New Testament and a book of Japanese language study which I had had brought from my home.

After I had been in the police cell some two or three weeks I was roused one night at about 2 a.m. by a Korean detective whom I had not seen before. The cell door was opened and I was conducted to the front office, where a large stove was burning. I was told to sit down by the stove. As it was mid-winter and quite cold I was duly thankful, though somewhat mystified. Two Japanese policemen were sitting opposite. Their appearance was by no means prepossessing, but it betrayed the good nature of their hearts, for they produced an apple and invited me to eat it. This I also did with pleasure. The Korean detective then asked me a few questions about the nature of the agreement we had made with the Korean doctor to whom we had turned over the hospital. After these questions had been answered I was led back to the cell.

A few days later this same Korean detective (who had obviously been charged with the duty of investigating affairs at the hospital) again came to my cell, this time in the forenoon, and proposed to take me to the hospital to help in an inventory of the hospital equipment which the police were making.

I was taken from my cell to the front office preparatory to taking me out into the street. There the police officer produced a cord with which he prepared to tie my wrists. "That is not a proper way to treat me," I said. "I am not a criminal." He replied that it was the rule that anyone being taken out of the police station must be taken bound. After some further talk he suggested that perhaps some other way might be arranged, "as it would be a disgrace to you to be taken through the streets bound." I replied that it would be no disgrace to me, but that it would be a disgrace to the police. This reply of mine was not mere bluff, for during all my time in the police station I was sustained by the feeling that if it was for my country I was suffering I was content and if (as I supposed and was later informed) it was for something deeper, to wit, my Christian convictions and advocacy, then I rejoiced in the privilege and honour that had been granted to me.

Finally, I was taken unbound through the streets and my guard and I carried on an amicable conversation.

When I arrived at the hospital I was met by members of my staff. They were in obvious and great distress to see the unkempt prisoner whom the police had brought under guard back to hospital.

I did my best to reassure and encourage them. I told them there was nothing at all to worry about on my account. They remained deeply concerned. By this time I had been taken into the hospital and was sitting in one of the consulting rooms; my policeman was still present, as were several of my staff. I thought the occasion demanded a little levity. "You remember," I said to the hospital treasurer, "how it is recorded that when St. Peter was in gaol an angel came by night and opening the door of the cell took St. Peter out." "Well," I continued, "I find myself much better off than St. Peter, for in his case nothing is said of any other good office than releasing the prisoner, whereas in my case my angel"—indicating the grinning policeman—"not only came by night and took me out, but also kindly provided an apple."

Request from the Mayor

No visitors at all were allowed when I was in the police cell, but I received one appeal which I did not at all appreciate. It was on this wise. One day, my own particular private detective (the Government, not we, had paid during the years for the privilege of missionaries having a private detective) came to the cell. He stood outside and spoke through the bars. He said he came with a request from the Mayor of Chinju. Whether or not the Mayor was responsible I do not know. I hope not, for I had had some dealings with him and found him hitherto a decent and honourable man. I had recently been able to do him and the whole municipality a great favour by putting at their disposal, and free of rent, one of our mission buildings for use by the educational authorities as a school building. Considering how unjustly the Government had treated us in depriving us of our rights to conduct schools, the gesture really had about it some quality of the second mile and the other cheek. The request alleged to come from the Mayor had the quality of a third mile and both cheeks together.

The circumstances were these. When it became necessary for the foreign (Australian) members of our staff to withdraw, a number of domestic servants and other employees of the Mission were deprived of their means of livelihood.

In order to compensate these needy folk in some way in their troubles we had arranged to let out to them, as share farmers, the fields within the mission compounds. On these same fields we knew covetous eyes had already been cast from other quarters, especially from schools which were looking for land for use of scholars to teach them farming and to draw income for the schools.

The request—coming, it was stated, from the Mayor—was that I should now agree to hand over all the land for the use of the schools. It was further explained that the present lessees had agreed to such a transfer. I knew very well what sort of pressure had been brought to bear on these unfortunate and needy folk to obtain their consent to signing away their means of livelihood.

I admit I was tempted to take the attitude—well, if these people have already given way, why should I, who am powerless and a prisoner, do other than consent. Better thoughts prevailed, and I did not agree. The detective became indignant. Said that the proposal was in the public interest and for that reason the others had agreed, and that I should follow suit. I simply said, and

said quite brusquely, that I did not see things in that light and that I withheld my consent.

Of course my refusal made no difference to the ultimate lawless transfer which was made, but I at least had the satisfaction of having done my duty of setting myself against this improper request and of showing it up in its true colours.

It is, I regret to say, one of the characteristic methods which Japan has used on innumerable occasions in her recent lawless endeavour. The attempt—by securing under duress from her victims some sort of consent—was to give to lawless confiscation some appearance of voluntary agreement. I presume the police thought that as I was in their power physically I might prove a good mark for that type of blackmail.

Though I was not at any time during my incarceration put through a formal examination by the police, they did on several occasions take opportunity to question me. One officer was curious to know what provision the British army made for the satisfaction of the sex demands of its soldiers. I gathered that Japanese expect provision to be made for the supply of prostitutes. The man went on to ask me (he was unembarrassed and not conscious of solecism) whether I had had sexual intercourse with Korean women. Up to that point I had been courteous and co-operative in answering all questions. I thought I was due to teach a lesson, so assuming rather more indignation than I felt (for I knew what pagan morals are apt to take for granted), I replied with emphasis that to ask me such a question, or any other missionary, I regarded as an insult and that if I was to be insulted I would answer no further questions. He dropped the subject, which showed decent feeling.

Medical Practice.

Perhaps, in all the circumstances, the strangest medical consultation I have ever had in my professional life occurred during my imprisonment.

The guard on duty one day learned that I was a medical man and that I was a specialist in nervous diseases. This man was a sexual neurasthenic and the distinguishing characteristic of that type of man is to confide and seek relief from his anxieties. Here, indeed, was his golden opportunity and without a fee.

I could not help being tickled at the whole situation, so different from anything that could have happened in the West, with our reticences about these matters. From the rostrum in which he was

sitting on guard over us and in the full hearing of the scores of prisoners, who, no doubt, were quite interested, he shouted out to me his symptoms and complaints, symptoms and complaints of a most intimate and personal nature; and wanted to know what he was to do about it. Of course, I had neither drugs nor instruments, nor was my situation exactly calculated to invest me with that prestige which is an important auxiliary for a doctor with his patient. Yet, I think, I saw the essence of the problems with which the man was confronted and the principles along which—and along which alone those problems could be solved—more clearly than ever I had previously seen them in my many grapplings with that particular symptom complex. So I took up the tale and explained to the man how his symptoms were to be dealt with and his deeper problems solved.

Keeping Up Appearances.

It seemed to me my duty and important that I, as a representative in some sense of my country and as a Christian missionary, should not let down that and those for which I stood. Neither my situation nor my appearance (for I was shoeless, collarless, tieless, unwashed, with a shaggy unkempt beard and finger-nails like talons) was calculated to enhance prestige. Nevertheless, I did what I could to maintain appearances.

As I have already said, apple peel and a cup of water provided enough ablutions to keep my hands and face clean. Manicuring was a difficulty, but a splinter dug out of the floor served to keep my finger-nails from being in deep mourning. Nature made fingers before hair-combs and they are effective substitutes for arranging the hair. There was no valet service provided to keep my clothes pressed, but with a moistened handkerchief one could do a lot to remove stains. As I did not really feel depressed, it was not difficult to be cheery with the other prisoners and my guard. One of the things that Japanese mentality found very difficult to understand about the mentality and behaviour of British and American internees generally (and I would like specially to include Dutch friends with whom later I shared internment) was that we remained cheerful. One of my guards suggested to me at the time when reports of British reverses and defeats were coming in thick and fast—nor did Japan's astonishing successes lose anything in the telling by Japanese newspapers and these successes were all, it would appear, practically without casualty either to ships or personnel—asked me was I not contemplating suicide. I said that I did not see things in that light. When I was told that we British were just about finished, I replied: "Quite; our ships all

gone, our armies in retreat, our country invaded, but that's an old story; we have been finished by Germany for the last two years so a bit extra now is only what we are used to." I was informed of the sinking of the "Prince of Wales" and the "Repulse" and asked what I thought of the news. It was a blow, but I replied, and my reply was relevant and sincere, that I had not had any news of the overthrow of the Kingdom of God.

When Singapore fell I was met with the taunt that it would seem that something had gone wrong with my prayers. To which I replied: "Not at all. I have never prayed that Singapore should not fall. My prayers about Singapore have been that that would happen there which should be to the glory of God and for the good of men—all men."

Here is a digression. If, as the Japanese allege, our western civilization is rotten with luxury and materialism; if American soldiers are "chocolate soldiers" and their sailors' morale is only as high as their recruiting slogan, "Join the Navy and see the world"; if British administrators in Hong Kong, Malaya and elsewhere are shown up as "nincompoops" and British soldiers—so it was represented—don't stand up to Japanese assault, but incontinently surrender by the tens of thousands; then the Japanese have a right to expect successes. In the stern realities of war make-believe armies are of little avail, and prestige which has outlived its supporting basis useless.

The New Mecca.

The most difficult problem of conduct which I had to solve while in the police cell was one the very nature and existence of which is alien to our Western civilization.

The Japanese nation—strange phenomenon—is becoming almost as regimented as the Moslem world in its prayers towards its special Japanese Mecca. That Mecca is the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, where lives the Emperor and—in a sense, more sacred still—is deposited one of the three sacred treasures (the sword, the pearl, and the mirror) given by the Sun Goddess to the Imperial Ancestor, the first Emperor, Jimmu, when he came down from heaven on to a mountain in Japan.

In Tokyo, also, is the Yasakuni Shrine, where are enshrined the deified spirits of fallen soldiers.

At 8 o'clock in the morning and at midday the siren sounds and the nation is expected to stand, turn to Tokyo, bow and remain for half a minute in silent prayer. This procedure was one of the

things specially insisted on in the prison regime and I was a prisoner. What was I to do? I had no wish to be disrespectful to the Emperor and especially I did not desire to offend against the memory of men who—even mistakenly—had laid down their lives for their country, doing their duty as they saw it. But there were other and absolute values at stake and at that very time thousands of Korean Christians were suffering in varying degrees (some imprisonment and torture) because their Christian conscience and conviction forbade them to take part in ceremonies which involved assent to lying and blasphemous claims.

My cell was situated east from where the guard was posted, so that I was in the direct line of vision when he turned east. The first morning when the siren sounded I stood up. I was facing in a southern direction. This, however, did not satisfy me. After thinking the matter over, I decided (rather against my mannerly instincts) to sit through the ceremony and take the consequences. I rather thought the sky might fall. To my surprise nothing happened. Later I often timed things so that I was already standing when the siren sounded.

At one period my practice was deliberately to kneel (being careful to kneel in another direction than towards the east). This gave rise to a passage between myself and one of the guards. He asked why I was not doing "muk-to," i.e., bowing and praying towards Tokyo. I explained that as a Christian I could not pray to other spirits, but that Christ had taught his followers to pray for their enemies and I was praying to God for Japan. His answer reminded me of an amusing incident which happened in France. The rations one morning consisted of pork and beans; one of the Chinese patients in the Chinese Labour Corps Hospital happened to be a devout Mahomedan and therefore did not eat his ration. This greatly mystified the British sergeant in charge. I attempted to explain the situation to the sergeant. He was unsympathetic. "Tell the man," he said, "that there are only two religions allowed in the British Army—C. of E. and R.C.—and that he is to eat his ration!" My Japanese guardian's attitude was a good deal similar. He heard my explanation (interpreted from my Korean into Japanese by a Korean fellow-prisoner). "Tell him," he said, "that he had better do his 'muk-to.'" But he did not press the point.

Later in the course of my incarceration I had the opportunity of making clear my point of view on this question.

For some years there has been going on in Korea a struggle which I believe will yet prove to be one of the epochal conflicts

of the Christian Church and one of the landmarks in the growth of human freedom. An attempt is being made similar to, though perhaps more subtle in its method than, that which the Roman Empire perpetrated upon the early Church when it demanded the Church's conformity with and assent to the blasphemous pretensions of the cult of the Divine Emperor. To make my point clear to Western readers unfamiliar with the incredible situation that has been achieved by a clever, calculating, cynical and also fanatical propaganda in Japan, I allow myself the digression of the following incident.

The day I was released from the police station I was travelling in the train, under police escort, to the place of my subsequent internment. A Japanese who had been abroad and who spoke English was interested in the shaggy and solitary Westerner whom he saw at a time when Westerners were not being seen in Korea. He entered into friendly conversation and almost immediately the conversation took this turn. "Do you know about Japanese history?" he asked. I replied that I had read some Japanese history. Next: "Do you know about our Emperor?" "Yes, I know about the Emperor." Then this—quite staggering, but needing no explanation and certainly calling for no apology for its shuddering blasphemy: "Our Emperor is a living God." The conversation was in English; the actual words were "a living God."

To return now to my conversation in the police station.

"Why," I was asked, "do you hesitate to conform in the ceremonies of the shrines? Would you not show respect at the Mausoleum of Nelson or at your father's grave? What we are doing is just the same as that." "Certainly," I replied, "I would show respect in such places, but your Shinto conceptions and the ceremonies which objectivate those conceptions are radically different from and incompatible with Christian truth: and," I added, "I can establish my point by the contrast between two ceremonies, one in Korea, one in Australia, in which I myself took part"—and this is the contrast.

I was present at the celebration at the time of the 25th anniversary of the annexation of Korea to Japan. Part of the celebrations proved to be Shinto rites for all those servants of the administration (whether military or civil) who had died during the 25 years' period. No one who watched those ceremonies could fail to understand that prayers were being offered by the living to the dead, who, in virtue of the fact that they had **died** and in virtue of that fact alone, irrespective of other qualifications, had become gods. Death is indeed our common human destiny; and

death is mysterious. It may be a dreaded enemy; it may, with Socrates, be but an incident; but that death and death only should make its victims gods is to me, I said, a conception neither true nor tenable and from pretence of accepting what I am persuaded is a pernicious belief, I must dissociate myself.

By contrast, I was present in Melbourne in 1934 at the time of the Centenary celebrations of the foundation of the city. The inauguration of those celebrations was with a great religious demonstration on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. I have never forgotten an inspired word in the prayer of the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church. In that prayer Dr. Mackenzie rendered thanks **to Almighty God** for all that the 100 years had meant for our city, thanks also for that which God had enabled, by His grace, our fathers to do; at the same time confessing the sins of ourselves **and our forefathers.**

Could contrast be sharper?

The Sun Goddess and the War.

On a former occasion I had replied to an officer of the Governor-General of Korea, who was urging upon me to discover some way of compromise in this matter, thus—"No, for there are for me three insuperable objections to my participation in these ceremonies: First, qualified though it be by whatever mental reservation or even every overt explanation, such obeisance is an affront to the majesty and holiness of Almighty God. Second, implicit in the pretensions of the divine and absolute authority of the Japanese Emperor is that which makes war inevitable. And, third, this thing will ruin Japan and, as a friend of Japan and one devoted to her welfare, I must refuse participation."

I have been asked to explain my statement that "this shrine worship business will make war inevitable." The manifest explanation is that my prophecy has come true. But a very little reflection might have enabled even the man who was "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet" to foresee the consequences. There will still be those, and even Churchmen among them, to whom the second reason, if demonstrably relevant, will appeal as the strongest and most practical of all reasons for the Church opposing conformity in shrine ceremonies. In point of fact and in the strict and etymological meaning of the term, such emphasis is preposterous. The first and greatest reason is the affront to the holiness and majesty of God. But the second reason is cogent enough, yet the purblind secularist and even the prudent ecclesiast (prudent lest the existence of the Church be jeopardised by a stand against

demands for conformity from a seemingly all-powerful state paganism) failed to see this issue. But the Japanese militarist is at least logical. General Araki, former Minister for War and later Minister for Education—could a man hold two more significant posts in the thought and action of the state?—is the great exponent of Kodo. Kodo is the objective side of Shinto. Shinto is "The way of the gods." Kodo is that way manifest in the Japanese state, "The Kingly Way." The way of Japanese Imperialism. In 1934 Araki declared: "His Majesty is, 'ipso facto,' Japanese morality, and to assist in promoting the prosperity of the Imperial House or the spread of Japanese morality is the basic principle of our existence. Kodo, the great ideal of the Japanese nation, is of such substance that it should be spread or expanded all over the world and every impediment to it brushed aside, even by the sword."

On another occasion Araki made crystal clear the principle on which all this is based and whence it derives its authority. "The Emperor," he explained and the explanation appeared in "Contemporary Japan," a semi-official journal in which Japan is interpreted to the West, "is different from other rulers." He is descended from Amaterasu-o-mi Kami, the Sun Goddess, whom all the nation worshipped for her transcendent virtues. In Him, also, is embodied that which is of the primordial spirits of the universe. Nor did General Araki confine himself to theoretic theology: he was exceedingly practical and applied his theology to world affairs at a crisis now recognized as the virtual starting-point of the world war. When Lord Lytton came to the Orient as Chairman of the League of Nations Commission to investigate and pronounce on the Manchurian problem, Araki settled the whole business out of hand and told Lytton that "the actions of the Japanese Army in Manchuria are the Imperial prerogative." This statement appeared in the Japanese Press. At the time I wrote letters to the two principal English language foreign-owned newspapers in Japan and to the Japanese-owned "Osaka Mainichi" pointing out that such a claim must be resisted by every non-Japanese and especially by every Christian, for to God alone could the Christian admit the claim of sovereign and absolute power. No paper in Japan, foreign or Japanese, dared to publish this letter.

The whole incident takes on the deeper significance in view of subsequent happenings: in view, too, of the judgment of Lord Strabolgi in his "Singapore and After," that the bombs that were dropped at Pearl Harbour were not so much fashioned a few months before in Tokyo as they were fashioned by the weak concessions and appeasements of British foreign policy in Geneva in 1931.

I have frequently heard it said, and said with the purpose of minimizing the significance, indeed of annulling the implications of the cult of the Sun Goddess and the Divine Emperor, that "no intelligent and educated Japanese does or can believe that stuff." To such a claim my first reply is that the content of another man's belief is not to be discovered by the excogitations of an outsider. A better method is to note carefully his statements in different circumstances and on varied occasions, especially also to watch his conduct. Also, before setting limits to what an "intelligent" man can come to believe, the pathology of the fanatic and the psychotic must be studied. It is plainly stated in Holy Writ and modern psycho-pathology has deeply under-scored the statement, that if human beings refuse manifest truth, their minds undergo a sort of perversion which takes from them capacity of distinguishing between reality and mortal error, between fact and phantasy. If a people deliberately introduce that confusion and pollution which denies the fact of their own creatureliness and worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator, such people, however otherwise intelligent and educated, are visited with a darkened mind. What begins with Beelzebub is apt to end in Bedlam. As to what "intelligent and educated" Japanese do or do not believe and how it affects us and them, let this significant testimony speak for itself. I had opportunity to speak with a man whose business it was to get at the state of mind and convictions of Japanese, in a large internment camp in India. He found among them confidence, for they were buoyed up with the conviction that Japan could not fail to win the war "because Heaven was on their side." And if, as I am prepared to allow, there are indeed some or even many Japanese who in their hearts cynically repudiate the whole sorry, shameful make-believe, what then? Does that make their propaganda less dangerous or less odious? For my own part, I can do with a fanatic—though I will beware of him: a calculating cynic and hypocrite I hate.

Combating Anti-Semitism.

On another occasion an unwary question on the part of my guard gave me opportunity for a not unimportant piece of propaganda and a thrust at a new evil being cultivated in Japanese life. Shortly before my arrest it had come to my knowledge that Korean school-children were being poisoned in their minds by anti-semitic calumny. The whole thing was as ridiculous as it was pernicious, for not one Korean in a thousand has so much as had the slightest contact with any Jew. This business is but another example of the senseless regimentation of Japanese thought and practice into the Axis mould.

There are many such examples. Recently Governor-General Minami received a special decoration from Hitler as a token of appreciation of Minami's Japanese-Nazi ways. One can only say of Minami that his record entitles him to just such a decoration.

The Number One Korean police official asked me one day how we treated the Jews in Australia. I recalled what I had heard about the propaganda recently instituted in the schools and saw that this was just my opportunity. I replied, first of all, that so long as his conduct was good, the Jew in Australia had just the same opportunity as any of his fellow-citizens. I drove home that point by telling of such eminent Jewish Australians as General Sir John Monash, in command of the Australian Army in France in the last war, and of Sir Isaac Isaacs, only native-born Australian to have been appointed by the King as Governor-General of Australia. I went on to give reasons for Hitler's hatred of the Jews and in so doing made a covered but pointed thrust at two crying evils in Japan's own present policies. I said: "You folks know very little about the Jew and his history; let me enlighten you." I explained about the dispersion after the fall of Jerusalem, the Jewish minorities in every country in Europe. That while these minorities in every country had been assimilated into the national ways of each nation, they had also kept their conscious identity as Jews and that the Jewish communities in each nation were in contact with the Jewish communities of all the other nations of Europe. So, I explained, the Jew is and remains an incorrigible internationalist while Hitler's policy is one nation, his own, above each and every other nation—Thrust No. 1 at Hitler and at his Japanese allies.

Next, I said, the Jew, both on account of his inborn traits and his age-long struggles, is an incorrigible individualist. He will not be and cannot be regimented. Hitler's goal on the other hand is the regimentation of all opinion—Thrust No. 2 at Hitler and his Japanese allies.

I then went on to a little European history. I said that the persecution of the Jew had, historically, proved a sure precursor to national downfall. I quoted Disraeli. "The Jew had suffered countless persecutions, but, in the end, there has always been a Jew standing at the graveside of his erstwhile persecutor—and," I added, "there will be one at Hitler's graveside." "And what about us?" asked the Japanese-Korean policeman. My reply: "I hope you will be very careful."

This was not a private conversation. It was held in the outer

office and in the full hearing of several police officers, who listened attentively.

Several days later this same man said to me, "That was a very interesting talk we had the other day. I would like to hear more from you. . . ."

Australia and the Have-Nots.

As was only natural, the course and causes of the war were subjects which easily came to the surface. The "Haves" and "Have-nots" classification of the Allied and Axis group was for a time the favourite and official propaganda. A glance at the map of the world gives point to the argument: immigration restriction laws and tariff barriers drive home that point. Nor did I attempt to rebut its sharp thrust on me as an Australian. I freely admitted, what I have been free to declare publicly in the past, both in Australia and Japan, my dissatisfaction with Australian immigration restrictions and her racial prejudices and fears. Shortly before the war I had written on this subject in a letter to the Japanese press and had presented the view that there never could be a solution of these questions in the policies of mere self-seeking and self-interest and selfish "rights" which are being followed both in the Occident and the Orient. Such policies are almost universally accepted as axioms of national conduct, e.g., "Australia for the Australians" or "Japan for the Japanese." As an easy corollary from that premise came the theory (extraordinarily popular in Japan) of geographically-determined spheres of influence. Japan's sphere was to be Greater East Asia and Oceania. Settlement of these conflicting claims is impossible on the basis merely of a further emphasis on "Australia for the Australians" or even, after a victorious war, on the imposition of "Japan for the Japanese."

My conscience was clear. My advocacy is identical, whether I find myself in Australia or Japan and unequivocal whether my country is at peace and confident that "the gates are mine to close" or desperately resisting an invasion which threatens to destroy all her most cherished values. This advocacy—The earth, and this includes both Japan and Australia, neither it nor any part of it, is either Japan's or Australia's; "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." That is the only practical politics. The Japanese are trustees in Japan as the Australians are trustees in Australia and on a practical and realistic acceptance of a trusteeship, responsible to God and with consideration for the real interests of the inhabitants of any area and also of the whole human family; on such a policy alone can the difficulties and problems of apparently conflicting rights and interests be solved. Neither Australia

nor Japan is as yet prepared for this obvious national duty. None the less, I was careful in my advocacy to emphasize other aspects—that this war was primarily neither a racial nor an economic war; that its causes went back to flagrant rejection of the reign of law and to wanton refusal of the Sovereign will of God—Creator and Ruler of men and nations. I used the simple analogy of the “traffic cop.” If the traffic saw him and accepted the directing sign, traffic proceeded smoothly; if all or any of the traffic decided to be a law to itself there were collisions and an inevitable mess.

I also felt free to point out to Japanese critics that the place for Japan to begin in correction of the evils of “Have” and “Have-not” was in her own domestic life. I emphasized the comparatively even distribution of wealth in Australia, with its living wage and absence of millionaires as contrasted with the vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of three or four families (Mitsubishi, Mitsui, etc.) and the poverty of the masses.

First Suggestions About Repatriation.

After I had been in the police station a month or more, suggestions began to be made of the possibility of return of internees. This seemed to me wildly improbable, if not entirely out of the question. I judged that it was a try-on to see whether I was regretting my decision not to follow earlier advice from the British Consul and the Australian Legation that all should leave the country while it was still possible to do so. Later it became evident that something was actually under way to bring my incarceration to an end. Finally I was called to the office and after some preliminaries was told that if I gave an undertaking to prove myself amenable and do as I was bidden, there was a chance that I would be sent out of the police station and permitted internment with my colleagues in one of the mission homes. This sounded like very good news, but I was not prepared for a one-sided bargain with the reciprocity—as the Irishman put it—“all on one side.” I replied that I thought that there should be no difficulty at all about my correct attitude towards true and proper authority as the two things to which my mother had specially sought to train me were regard for the truth and proper obedience to proper authority, but —I added—if you expect from me an undertaking beforehand to comply with all and every requirement, the nature of which I have not even heard, I have never learned that sort of obedience, nor do I know how to exercise it. The subject was dropped and I was discharged a few days later.

I learned many things from my period of confinement.

The Lawlessness of Japanese Police Methods.

One of the first things I propose to do when I get back to Australia is to seek access to a police station and see how they do these things in my own country. It was, of course, an entirely lawless procedure that I should have been held for those eleven weeks under the condition meted out to me. And yet—and yet. The Japanese authorities fully believed (for my part I am satisfied that theirs is an utterly mistaken belief) that the activities and advocacies for which I had been almost notorious—against compulsory conformity by Christians in Shinto practices—was subversive of the very foundations of Japanese polity and calculated to ruin the “New Order.” In such circumstances I am inclined—while deploring their mistaken judgment—rather to marvel at the moderation than to animadvert at the severity of my treatment.

But to this statement I must hasten to add two qualifications. While happy to admit that no suggestion of violence was meted out to me personally, this, unhappily, was not the experience of three of my American colleagues in the North of Korea. As I learned later, in intimate conversation with them, they had been quite shockingly treated; mercilessly beaten and exposed to the tortures of the “water-cure,” as described later.

That I, a suspected enemy alien, should have suffered at Japanese hands is—if regrettable—at least understandable. But the treatment I saw being meted out to Japan's own nationals, Korean and Japanese, is a terrible condemnation of Japan's judicial system. **Anyone may be seized** and arrested without warrant. Many are ignorant of the very reason of their arrest, nor are they subsequently informed thereof, till the police think fit to do so. They may be left without any examination by the police (in my own case no charge was made and no examination ever undertaken) or, to the contrary, evidence may be built up against the prisoner by requiring admission under fiendish torture of the allegations manufactured by the police. This was the procedure adopted in the case of three of my American colleagues. After arrest the prisoner may be discharged the next day or kept in custody for any length of time. (There are laws to the contrary, but the law is a dead letter.) No opportunity is given to obtain legal help or advice. As far as Japan is concerned at the present day and even before the war, it is as if Habeas Corpus and Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights did not exist and had never been, in the world's history. A disgraceful concomitant of my arrest was the treatment accorded by the police to two of my Korean friends, colleagues at the hospital. Very soon after I had been locked up in my cell, I recognized outside, the voice of Dr. Kim, the Korean superintendent

of the hospital. I thought he had heard of my troubles and had come to make enquiries. Disillusionment came to me several days later when I discovered that Dr. Kim and the Bacteriologist were also prisoners in the police station. The whole procedure throws a lurid light on Japanese Imperialism and the blessings of the New Order which Japan is bringing to East Asia and ultimately (she hopes) to the whole world. These men had done nothing, no charge was preferred against them. They were, however, responsible persons in the town; from childhood up they had been part of the Christian community, which means that they had been of those who had entered into that fulness of life which it has been the inestimable privilege of Christian missionaries (who happened also to be Westerners) to have brought to the hermit nations and petrified civilizations of Korea and Japan. Indubitably the great majority of the population of Chinju and the surrounding district were full of goodwill towards and sympathy with the missionaries and, through them, with Britain and America. In addition, there were hundreds of convinced Christians, bound together in the fellowship of the Christian Church. It seemed necessary to the official Japanese mind to teach and bring home the lesson that any association, present or past, with these Western missionaries was a breach of citizenship and exposed the offender to police action.

Actually, these two men had avoided all approach to political activity; moreover, they had tried to assure (an attempt which I personally had deplored) against the disfavour of the police by conformity in the required shrine observance. Further, Dr. Kim, much to his own disadvantage and against his own inclination, had asked me, a couple of months previously, to discontinue even occasional and consultant attendance at the hospital. None of these precautions availed. The two men were arrested and held, like myself, for almost eleven weeks. The hospital meanwhile was without anyone capable of carrying full responsibility; the community was deprived of its services; the hospital emptied itself of patients and Dr. Kim incurred heavy financial loss. For all this no possibility of redress. I happened to be present in the office when these two men were finally released. The head of the department, who had perpetrated such grievous injustice, had the temerity and insolence to give them a threatening admonition and—crowning infamy—demanded of those Christian Korean men, whose country had been annexed, whose liberties had been destroyed, whose very names were being taken from them (part of Japan's policy of assimilation in Korea and Formosa) and whose holy religion had been desecrated by a persecuting Shintoism—that these men were to show their loyalty as Japanese subjects (and secure themselves against further police interference) by assiduous attend-

ance at the Shinto shrines and by installing in their Christian homes those "god-shelves" to which the subjects of Imperial Japan are being required to pray. Much more than for my own small personal troubles my soul was stirred for the abominable slavery and tyranny under which I saw Japanese subjects suffering.

Police Consideration and Kindness.

Having said these things, and said them strongly, I desire to bear testimony to consideration and human kindness shown by most of my guards. I was permitted—stretching regulations—to walk about or lie down in my cell: sometimes I was taken out and allowed to sit on a chair by the stove in the front office: one guard definitely broke regulations and, I presume, ran the risk of punishment had he been found out. He came surreptitiously to my cell one night with a parcel of insectibane (it was the time when my lice infestation was at its maximum). This preparation was marvellous stuff and after using once I had no serious trouble with lice. My parting, at the time of discharge, from my guards was friendly on both sides. With this particular man not only was there a mutual handclasp but also he laid his hand almost affectionately on my shoulder.

The question has often arisen in my own mind and has been raised by my colleagues—Why was it that one who had been active and prominent in opposition to the policy which the present rulers and misrulers of Japan have espoused and are enforcing, should have received such leniency of treatment as compared with that meted out to many unoffending businessmen in Japan and compared with that which fell to the lot of some of my own missionary colleagues in Korea?

There were, I think, a number of factors.

First, the very fact that I had been as strenuous, as persistent and as open in my methods—I had interviewed the Governor-General himself—had had long and intimate conference with the Provincial Government and a head-on collision with the police—probably had earned for me the reputation that though I might be a fanatic, I could not possibly be a spy. If I did have such a reputation it would, I judge, be all in my favour in this crisis.

Second, I have good reason to believe that I had the sincere friendship of a man in the Foreign Affairs Department. He had been brought into intimate contact with us Australian missionaries: in the course of his duties he had been present at our annual meeting and had heard our discussions. He made no secret of the

fact that he had been both favourably and deeply impressed. I rather think his advice must have been sought by his superiors as to how I should be treated, and I am certain he would have counselled leniency.

Another factor in my favour was that I was neither from Great Britain nor America, but an Australian. Though Australia as a part of the British Commonwealth, and specifically on her own initiative, was at war with Japan, Japan's policy was, and for some time remained, to cajole (later to threaten and intimidate) Australia into partnership in the blessing of the "New Order in Greater East Asia and Oceania." Torture of Australian missionaries could not be expected to recommend itself as the best method of presenting to the Australian public the blessings of this New Order.

Finally, ruling and over-ruling all secondary causes there was, I believe, the Providence of God for my life. When I elected to remain on in Korea I was prepared, I hope, to accept such consequences as that all-wise and all-powerful Providence should order. Events proved that special suffering was not the experience which I was called upon to bear. Some of my colleagues did glorify God in that way: mine was a different task but—though in a humbler role—to me also I believe was granted the privilege of maintaining a witness to the truth—a witness which I prayed should be not without its own value for Church and State, both in my own country and in Japan.

Affairs of the Spirit.

My narrative has recounted the circumstances of my incarceration, some of the incidents which happened and the conversations which took place. It remains to tell how my mind was occupied and what thoughts were filling it during those eleven weeks.

I remember once, years ago, when I was overburdened with work and the pressure of many claims, at a time also when many of my Korean friends were being arrested, I expressed a near-wish that the police would step in and provide for me (I saw no other way of getting it) some respite from crowding medical duties and an opportunity for quiet and reflection. In the course of years that near-wish became an accomplished fact, and really it wasn't nearly such a disaster as the conventional wish-come-true of the fairy tales is apt to be painted.

I set myself deliberately to occupy my mind with such constructive and creative thoughts as I was capable of.

I have already explained that I had been deprived of my New

Testament, but my gaolers could not deprive me of the mindful tablets of my heart on which, when I turned to them, I found inscribed very much indeed of what is written in those Scriptures. The Synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke) I could reproduce, if not literally and in full, yet in all their main incidents and teachings. Much even of the longer discourses in St. John's gospel also came back to me. I had recently been working at St. Paul's profound argument in his letter to the Romans and St. John's perspectives in human history, his apocalyptic vision as set down in the book of Revelation; these two books also I could reproduce and discovered them written for my learning and to the strength and comfort of my soul. Other books of the New Testament each and all served me in greater or lesser measure. The Psalms, also Old Testament story and prophecy, were also there to sustain me.

My cell was not a church, but no sacred building in which I have worshipped had proved itself more surely a place where God was near. I had many things to pray for: my own needs; my dear ones; my many friends; my colleagues; my fellow-Christians among the Koreans, many of whom I knew had suffered and were suffering far greater hardship than any I was being called upon to bear. Then there were, and I sought to place them first, those great events and crises in history which I knew were going on everywhere throughout the world. For the good estate of the Universal Church in every land and in all its branches I prayed much. Finally, I dwelt on the benedictions in Holy Scripture, the great prayers of St. Paul, the Lord's Prayer and His high priestly prayer for His disciples.

One of the special things in spiritual experience which came to me in my cell was a deeper realization of the meaning of "the communion of saints" or, as the book of Hebrews puts it, "We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect." Not dead, but living are they, and their spirits seemed not remote—the saints and sages through the ages; those also, saints and sages, though they had worn modern dress, men and women whom I had known in the flesh: many dear friends who had kept the faith, fought the good fight and passed over.

One of my interests was to try to recall the names of those who had suffered imprisonment. Honour indeed to find myself in so goodly a company and fellowship. Joseph and Jeremiah and Socrates and Daniel and John the Baptist and St. Peter and St. Paul and the rest of the apostles, and Polycarp and Huss and John Bunyan and Sir Thomas More and Raleigh and the gallant Mont-

rose and Adoniram Judson in his Burmese gaol and the German Pastor Niemoller and a brave Japanese acquaintance and not a few staunch Korean friends of my own even then in gaol.

My time of confinement taught me the truth of what the poet has said—

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

The body, indeed, the enemies of liberties can imprison, but always the soul is free and the imagination steps out through thickest walls and from deepest dungeons.

Treasures of literature—I would that my mind had been more richly stored—came to me. They sustained when reports of reverses and defeat came fast and furious. I was given a window seat to view the procession of thousands of school children all supplied with flags and carrying effigies—sorry effigies, too—of Churchill and Roosevelt, with which the fall of Singapore was celebrated. Yes, it was evident that there was more than paper talk and the "impregnable" Singapore had passed into Japanese hands. Even so, at just such another crisis in our history Wordsworth had written, and lines came back to me—

"It is not to be thought of that this most noble stream (of British freedom) in bogs and sands shall perish, and to evil and to good be lost for ever."

Not from literature alone could I draw for strength and comfort. Memories of many and precious experiences in my own life sustained me. Lessons I had learned in home and school; the faith and courage of many good and brave men and women whom I had known; the rich experience of love and marriage; none of these could be taken from me. With all this what reason to repine?

Also there is the less temptation to repine if one is fore-armed by the preparation of a considered choice. It was not by accident that I found myself a prisoner in Japanese hands on 8th December. Certain things I had foreseen, certain values I held to be paramount, and a certain way of action and advocacy I conceived to be my duty, and the contribution I was called upon to make in a great struggle. The story goes back a long way, at least as far back as to the last war. At that time I was much exercised to know which way my duty lay—whether to continue with my missionary work in Korea or to go to France. Finally I enlisted, though late in the war. I came through without even a scratch. My elder brother, whom I greatly admired, gave his life. Chauvin-

ism, or flag-wagging, self-asserting "patriotism" were entirely repugnant to him, but he was content to die so that process of law between nations might be observed and the sanctity of covenanted agreements maintained. Just at the time when he was making the supreme sacrifice for this high ideal, in France, there came to me one of the most burning perceptions which has ever stirred my mind and soul—the realization that the world's troubles cannot be radically cured by men mutually, even judicially, killing one another; that the cure of the world's deepest need has involved the offering and acceptance of a Divine and Eternal Sacrifice, a sacrifice to which humanity must look ere wars can cease. There came to me the words of John the Baptist, another man who, like my brother, finally gave his life for the maintenance of law—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." One of the effects upon me of my brother's death was that I prayed when next those cosmic forces of good and evil which were behind the last war were joined again in overt and mortal conflict, it might be given to me to be deep and early in the conflict. When the shadow of the present war began to be cast upon the Orient and then the whole world, I had no doubts at all as to where my duty lay. I was not to leave my missionary job, but to continue in it and to plan to maintain my Christian witness and advocacy within Japan, even after relations were severed between my own country and Japan. At the time of my last furlough in Australia, in 1934, I seriously contemplated resignation from my missionary work. The urge that finally took me back to Japan was not to do medical work (though I continued also in this work and knew it to be important) but to take my part in the struggle between Church and State, between religious freedom and totalitarian tyranny, which I foresaw as inevitable; and the focal point of this struggle I saw to be the demand by a pagan State that Christians should conform to the ceremonies and join in obeisance to the Sun Goddess and the other tutelary deities of Japan.

After the war broke out and when I was in the police cell, I had much time for reflection on the general problem of the Christian attitude to war, and especially on the duty and obligation of the foreign missionary; I hope I am a patriot; I hope I would not withhold my life from my country's service. I deeply desire truly to serve my country in every effort which she, or any other country, is making, in a stern and sacrificial endeavour that the law of justice and not the law of the jungle shall prevail among men and nations. The Sermon on the Mount itself and the Cross of Our Lord, while they transcend mere justice, are based and grounded on justice, and woe to the sentimentalist, man or nation, who toys with the ideas of the second mile and the other cheek,

but forgets the demands of law and justice into which Christ's super-natural code is integrated.

So, though I was shut away in a prison cell, I fretted not at all that I was cut off from possibility of "serving my country." Of devotion to a person the poet wrote—"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," and for myself I was assured that I was serving my country best when I was contending with spiritual weapons for those deeper issues of freedom from which all our other freedoms derive, from which also derives the strength which enables justice- and freedom-loving men to fight with physical weapons so that lawlessness may be restrained and justice may prevail. . . .

Transfer to Internment in Fusan

On Monday, 23rd of February, just 77 days after my arrest, I was released and conducted under escort to the home where the other four members of the Australian Mission had been interned. How eager was my expectancy, how loving and kind their welcome.

The first thing of all was a glorious hot bath and then clothes (borrowed, indeed, but very welcome) which had never known a police cell. Then my sores were dressed by the skilled nursing hand of my colleague, Mrs. Lane. The verminous itching of, especially, my ankles, had driven me to scratching and my finger nails, which were like talons, had caused some infection. My original idea was merely to trim my marvellous and shaggy beard and then keep it as a badge and trophy, but scissors and razor proved irresistible and off it all came. Mr. Lane proved himself quite a good amateur barber of locks grown long. No kindness or trouble was too much for my good hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, and so began the sharing of internment with these colleagues.

We were interned in Korea in the home of Rev. A. C. and Mrs. Wright till the end of May. Here conditions were very good: food was ample, though the housekeeping ingenuity of Mrs. Wright must often have been taxed to the limit to bring variety and tastiness to the menu. Our guards were friendly—as well they might be, exposed as they were to the quite astonishing goodwill and friendliness of Mr. Wright, who undertook all sorts of good offices for them, including cleaning out their stove and making their beds. I accuse him of tucking them in at nights, hearing their prayers and giving them a good-night kiss, but I have no positive evidence for this last charge! He was not, however, merely the indulgent nurse. He scolded them when they were naughty children and once—incredible man—when they were drunk and disorderly, locked them away from our part of the house. Mr.

Lane read one man a lecture for wasting his money on drink and called another to order for taking flowers from the garden without permission. After all one had to maintain discipline! My courage failed me of these necessary disciplines, but I did express my consternation to one of the guards (and this, of course, was lese majeste) that a nation should call a man a god.

We five missionaries had seen it our duty to continue in Korea. Had it remained a matter of our own option, we might have decided to remain on in internment for the duration of the war. The decision was not left in our hands. About the beginning of April we were informed that we were to be repatriated. Asked whether it was order or option, we were told that the Japanese authorities had decided to deport us. We began to busy ourselves with preparations for departure.

There was one circumstance about my choice to remain on in the country which, though it is personal and intimate, calls for brief mention in such a presentation of the whole situation as I am endeavouring here to set out. I am the victim of a regularly recurrent infirmity when, for a period of perhaps a couple of months, I am incapacitated from work by mental inhibitions which take away power of decision and by a dysphorea (mental pain) which is worse than nightmare. Faced with the sure prospect of such a visitation, was I called on or entitled to stay in an enemy country? An acuter difficulty faced my wife. I was concerned as it might affect myself; her decision involved the harder problem of agreeing to her husband taking risks. At such times she had made it her first care and concern to shield me; now she was called upon to follow the path of duty which demanded that she return to Australia and leave me to what might betide. I was deeply grateful for a courage on her part (it made my choice less difficult) which steeled her to say Farewell to all that Korea meant to her, and a faith that dared even to leave her husband to an unpredictable future. In the gracious Providence of God I passed through the full time of my detention in the police office (though the period of my inhibition was overdue) with a mind entirely untroubled. When later my infirmity came upon me, I was interned in the Wrights' home and the circumstances of internment—no work, no visitors, no responsibility—which an enemy and alien government meted out to me, were such as all my wife's love and care had never been able to attain for me under ordinary peace conditions!

When we were served with our notice from the Japanese authorities in Korea that we were to be repatriated I was moved

to a few lines of verse. If it has not risen to the height of being poetry, the reason surely is not that the situation did not demand poetry to set it forth.

We had resolved to stay on till the end, and now here we were the last members of our Mission driven out of Korea after more than 50 years of the Mission's labours in Korea.

At home in Australia the outlook was ominous indeed. None could doubt how astonishing and menacing Japan's victories had been. Nowhere had her headlong victories been checked. There came to us the story that Prime Minister Curtin had publicly avowed that Australia was prepared for a scorched earth policy.

We knew not what military defeats might be sustained by our ill-prepared forces. Even subjugation of the country was a possibility we could not but envisage.

Through all this darkness there remained a clear beam of hope, yes, of assurance. The assurance came from this fact. I had watched and known the heroic and victorious witness of a few Korean Christians. They were utterly in the hands of their Japanese overlords and persecutors. There was no human aid at all to which they could turn: no quarter from which they could even hope for succour. Yet they stood firm. They refused every cajolery and every duress and torture of sinister power which was seeking to get from them agreement in the observances of veneration of the Sun Goddess and the other tutelary gods of Japan. So they have kept alight, against all the powers of darkness, the lamp of spiritual freedom: from that lamp all other lamps of civilization may and will be lit again.

The Christians who had maintained this martyr witness were men and women who (or their parents) had been brought to the Faith through the agency—under the Providence of God and by His Grace—of the Australian Church. If the daughter church has done so nobly, then, I argued, it is impossible that the mother church should fail. And so I knew that whatever, albeit complete national disaster in a secular way, happened in Australia the lamp of Freedom would burn on there even though Australia became for a time a conquered country. I felt, too, that I could do no greater service to the Australian people than bring to them the message of victory in Korea—a message of triumph over threats, deprivation of livelihood, separation of family, duress, imprisonment, torture and likelihood of death itself. Concerning just such a category of ills St. Paul had written: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." So it had proved too with some in the Korean church, and so I wrote these lines:



Rev. A. C. Wright. Mrs. Wright. Mr. Shimomura. Mr. Ohira.
Dr. C. I. McLaren. Rev. H. W. Lane. Mrs. Lane. Police Guard.
Taken on the day they left Korea.

Words by Dr C.I. McLaren
"Rachel"

Deported

(77789687)

Nora E. Arrowsmith
2. VI. 42
2. XII. 42

They send us back to Aussie, Where our love has gone before There

clouds of war lower darker And in-vasion threatens starker, But we'll

tell them of a victory That faith and love have won, And they'll

keep the faith in Aussie Till the Son of Man be come.

The music is by Miss N. E. Arrowsmith, of the English Presbyterian Mission in South China. Miss Arrowsmith was arrested at the outbreak of war and later deported.

DEPORTED

They send us back to Aussie,
Where our love has gone before.
There, clouds of war lower darker
And invasion threatens starker;
But we'll tell them of a victory
That faith and love have won;
And they'll keep the Faith in Aussie
Till the Son of Man be come.

Our departure from Korea was marked by an incident as moving as it was significant.

A group of Korean women, and among them those who had suffered grievously for their steadfast loyalty to the Faith, flouted the fanatical nationalism of a government at war and courted the anti-Christian animosity of the police by a display of unpromising sympathy. They had learned of our departure and the time when we were to set out. Already they had smuggled into the house to Mr. Lane and myself (Mr. Wright had been previously provided) to each the gift of a beautiful Korean silk suit, and had sat up all night to finish the sewing. How I prize and shall treasure that gift. They were waiting when, under escort, we came out of the front gate; they walked with us to the tram, boarded the same tram with us and our guard (one of them humming a challenging Christian hymn in a way that drew the attention of the mystified passengers on the tram); dodged the regulations about admission to the pier; were there to say good-bye to the steamer; and will be there—when victory has crowned their faith and courage and long endurance—to bid us joyous and loving welcome when we return to Korea and Japan and so make visible again those continuing bonds of faith and fellowship which war and deportation have only strengthened.

Transfer to Japan.

On 2nd June we crossed the straits from Korea to Japan. On the ferry we met the 96 other evacuees from Korea who with us had shared the experience of life as enemy aliens, for six months in Korea. Their experiences had been many and varied, ranging from the generous and chivalrous treatment which had been accorded to Dr. Florence Murray and Miss Bourns of the Canadian Mission Hospital, to the incredible lawlessness and brutality perpetrated by the police in Seoul upon three senior members of the American Presbyterian Mission. Many and eager were our greetings and enquiries one of the other. There were in all 101 evacuees from Korea — Consular officials, business men, miners, Catholic priests and nuns, and Protestant missionaries. The first Protestant missionary to have landed in Korea, almost sixty years ago, was Dr. H. G. Underwood. I was able to congratulate his son, Dr. H. H. Underwood, that among the last batch to leave Korea were two grandchildren of Dr. H. G. Underwood, and to express the hope that at no distant date Underwoods would again be engaged in constructive endeavour in Korea.

The case of the three tortured gentlemen deserves further notice. Perhaps because they had been executive officers of the Northern

Presbyterian Mission and so in constant correspondence with their board in New York, they became victims of Japan's mania and suspicion about espionage. They were arrested, thrown into prison, and accused of being spies. Then it became necessary for the police to build up a case and obtain evidence. When no other evidence is forthcoming, Japanese police proceed to secure it by extorting confessions, if need be, under torture. These three gentlemen, all of them educationalists who had served in Korea for periods of thirty to forty years, were imprisoned under disgusting conditions, were subjected to every indignity, were underfed, their lives threatened, were submitted to third degree cross-examination, were beaten, and finally were tortured. The particular form of torture was "the water treatment," well-known and much used in Japanese police cells. The victim is tightly trussed up (months after I saw the marks on the wrists where the ropes had cut in) and tilted backward. Water is then run over the mouth and nostrils till the subject almost drowns. One of the men whom I knew to have a weak heart became unconscious and almost died. This was fortunate for him, as the police apparently had their orders that their victims might be tortured but were not to be killed; the police, apparently apprehensive of fatality if the torture was repeated, did not again subject this man to this experience. Another of the unfortunate trio had about a dozen of these dreadful treatments.

I asked one of these men what were his feelings towards the police who were treating him in this shocking manner. He replied in these words: "It has always been easy for me to repay with hatred when I have been wronged, but I had been only a very short time in that police cell when I felt the presence of our Lord as close to me as though I could put out my hand and touch Him. I knew," he said, "that I must choose between that Presence and my hatred. I chose the Presence, and something came into my life which took roots of bitterness out of my heart and has made another man of me." I heard this same man later telling the secretary of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Government-General of Chosen that when he got back to America he intended to make contact with the Government in Washington to see if he could secure permission to visit Japanese internment camps in America so as to bring what help and consolation he could to the Japanese interned in these camps.

The next morning we arrived in Kobe, to be joined later in Japan by evacuees from Manchuria and Mongolia. The first exchange boat carrying Americans left later in June. Some hitch had developed in the arrangement for exchange of us British and Allied nationals. Our Australian party of five were billeted with

some 40 others in what had been a Parsee hotel for Indians in Kobe. One feature of the group was its unusual linguistic facility; we mustered among us the knowledge of some twenty different languages. I was greatly impressed with the courage, buoyancy and friendliness of half a dozen Dutch business men from Kobe, the more so as one learned of their personal and family losses as well as the blows which had fallen upon themselves and their people through the happenings in Holland and the Dutch East Indies. These men had been at Eastern Lodge for some months. They had laid out a small garden by the side of the dormitory. The Japanese guard doubtless watched with interest the shaping of the garden; they doubtless did not realize that the paths so ran that one might read V for Victory and W for Wilhelmina.

Our time of internment in Kobe gave us opportunity of intimate contact with those of other races and callings which in ordinary life would not have come our way. It surely is an almost unique experience that Protestant missionaries should have been the guests one evening at an impromptu concert held in the dormitory of twelve Catholic nuns. The Bishop was there to chaperone! Among our fellow internees was a priest who had studied in Rome and gained there the degree of Doctor of Canon Law. Another was a deep student of philosophy, a French-Canadian Dominican monk who had done post-graduate work at Oxford and on the European continent. I had the privilege of intimate converse in matters of the spirit with this intelligent and consecrated man. Yet another fellow internee was a Belgian priest with a phenomenal aptitude for languages. He read the Chinese character without difficulty and had just completed a thesis concerning Confucianism in Japan which would qualify him for his Doctor of Literature from the University of Kyoto.

Two young priests made a most generous offer as our time of internment was drawing to a close, to surrender their places on the evacuation ship in favour of an elderly couple belonging to the Brethren's Mission in Manchuria.

An interesting opportunity arose several days after we arrived in Kobe. The Australians in the party (seven by now, for we had been joined by two Roman Catholic missionaries) were summoned to the lounge of the hotel. We there were addressed by a pleasant, well-spoken young Japanese journalist. Quite considerably, in its presentation, he laid before us the fact that Sydney had been shelled (the extent of the mischief we did not know). What he wanted was our reactions. He got them. Mr. Lane rose to the occasion with a question in reply to the journalist's

question as to how we felt about the news. "How would you feel if Kobe had been shelled?"

Japanese propaganda had been straining itself to establish the proposition that it was the part both of wisdom and of profit for Australia to leave the British Commonwealth and come into the "Co-prosperity sphere of Greater East Asia." Now propaganda had been reinforced by shells. They very much wanted to know how the Australians they had in their power viewed the situation. We saw to it that they understood. We explained first of all—a thing Japanese just don't grasp—the nature of our British Commonwealth of Free Nations (a thing we scarcely like to call an Empire now) and the nature of the ties which bind Australia to the mother country. We made it clear where Australia stood and would continue to stand, and that by her own choice.

The young reporter listened carefully and summed up what we had said thus: "Is it then this way. Legally Australia is free to leave the British Commonwealth, but by her sentiments she is not free?"

"You have exactly described the situation," I replied.

An interesting sequel to the conversation was this. One of our guardians, a Provincial Official, who was listening to, indeed supervising, the conversation, said to me several days later, "I appreciated the attitude you took in your reply to the reporter."

Japanese can and do respect and esteem loyalty, and, as this man showed, they are able to do so even when they find that loyalty in a camp opposed to their own.

Contacts with Guards.

The months of internment in Korea and Japan gave interesting opportunity of contacts with one's guards and guardians—for, beside the police, civil officials of some importance were assigned to supervise our internment. I remember one official who read diligently and intelligently from the English classics and—in translation—from the Greek. I found him one day with a translation of Plato; another day with a "History of British Prime Ministers in the 18th Century." I took up the tale and told him something about Edmund Burke. I wrote down for him an extract—"dangerous thoughts," indeed, as they interpret "dangerous thoughts" in Japan, from Burke's address to the English king—"Your Majesty, in the Speech from the Throne, deplored the troubles in the American Colonies. We also deplore those troubles. The cause of the trouble is obvious; it is a misconduct of government."

That was strong meat, but it did not discourage my friend, who reported next time he called that he had bought a copy of Burke's speeches. We went on to talk of the sources and roots of our Western civilization—in which he was greatly interested. We spoke of Socrates and the shining example of his splendid death. Later I asked this official had he read the New Testament. To my surprise—for it is to be expected that an educated Japanese would have some knowledge at least of the Gospels—he replied that he had not. I commended it very strongly to his study, explaining that, important as Burke or Socrates might be in the study of our Western civilization, no real understanding of it was possible without a knowledge of the New Testament. I advised him to read it. His expression changed; he said something which was deeply significant and very frank—"I am afraid to read it," he said.

I can entirely understand that a Japanese official might be afraid to read the New Testament—not that the mere possession or reading of the Scripture is interdicted in Japan—but because of the implications it would bring to the honest reader and the crucial difficulties which those implications carry in present-day Japan. I happened to have on the table beside me a copy of "St. Mark in Current English." I picked it up, told him a little about its setting as the Gospel designed to present the story of Jesus Christ especially to the man not acquainted with the Jewish background. I commended the book to him and was able to add the personal touch that this particular version, in current English, had been done by my own sister. He consented to read the book and took it away with him. He returned it a few days later. I asked him how it had impressed him. He replied that he thought it "a hundred times strong" and that he believed it was truth.

I went on to speak with him of the central problem in Japanese thought—the relation between God and the Emperor. I showed him the solution of the problem which Christ had given and what He had enjoined. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's"; nor did I hesitate to go on to say how impossible it was for those who had given their first loyalty to the Christ, to give to man that which can properly be given to God alone. Refusal to do so costs very dear in Korea or Japan to-day.

I am convinced from careful observation and long thought that just this problem underlies all Japan's problems and that it must be solved. I think that internment would have been worth while, if only for just that one opportunity of speaking truth to a Japanese official on a subject about which it is *lese majeste* to speak the truth.

"Tatsuta Maru."

On the 27th of July we left Kobe and embarked the next day

at Yokohama on the exchange ship "Tatsuta Maru," one of Japan's finest trans-Pacific liners. We were all of us put under deep obligation to the Swiss representatives for their abundant labours on our behalf. A Swiss representative travelled with us all the way to the first neutral port. The ship had safe conduct and was lit up and carried special markings. Travel on the "Tatsuta Maru" with its hundreds of evacuees from Japanese-controlled territory gave one an unusual, indeed a unique, opportunity of learning at first hand what actually had been Japan's treatment of those within her power, and what her conduct of the war had been. Passengers came from Japan proper, Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia. Later in the voyage we took on evacuees from North and South China (including Peking, Shanghai and Canton); from Indo-China and Siam; and from the Philippines. There were nationals of almost all the Allied Nations; they were diplomats, bankers, business men, journalists, educators, missionaries and persons retired and living in these areas. A number of Indians were among those who came aboard at Shanghai.

As in Korea, so in this larger field, there proved to be the widest differences and the sharpest divergence in the treatment accorded. Sometimes the difference seemed to be entirely accidental or determined only by the eccentricities of the local official. I think it may be said by and large, and using that charity which "maketh not a reckoning of evil but rejoiceth in truth" that Japanese treatment of refugees was reasonable and sometimes generous. But there is another and blacker part of the picture, and anyone who attempts to gloss over or explain away this grim and revolting story is partisan against the truth.

There seems to have been some method in the madness of the cruelty and fury which Japan did let loose on those whom she chose to make her victims. For instance, in Kobe, the heads of all foreign banks and of the principal business firms were arrested. They were accused (almost every principal banker and every head of a large firm!) of espionage. Yes, but such a charge might serve as make-weight against espionage by Japanese agents. These men were subjected to the tender mercies of a police and judicial system which regards not either Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus or the Bill of Rights. They were imprisoned, threatened, intimidated, underfed. They were herded with criminals. They were subjected to physical violence. I saw these men just after their discharge: some were broken men. One I did not see; his mind had given way and he had committed suicide a day or two after his release. One elderly lady, her family among the longest established trading in Japan, was shut in a cell with a Japanese male prisoner. Her crime—months before she had listened to a short-wave broadcast. Bishop Heaslett, Anglican Bishop of Tokyo,

a man over 70 years of age, who had devoted two score years to the making of goodwill in Japan and to the upbuilding of the Japanese church, was arrested on suspicion of espionage. How could he not be a spy? Was he not a Bishop of the State Church in England, whose Archbishop had chaired a meeting three years before against indiscriminate bombing of Chungking? (The English Church missionaries in Japan and Korea paid for the action of the Archbishop; and I for one sincerely hope that leaders of the Church at home will never fail in their humanitarian or Christian duty from fear of what may be visited in reprisals by angered evil-doers upon the agents of the Church abroad.) There was another circumstance which brought suspicion upon Bishop Heaslett; any British subject who was known to be on visiting terms with his own British Consul was greatly suspect. Bishop Heaslett, very naturally, was often at the Embassy, where he had many friends. Neither the kindly outgoing of his goodwill, nor his venerable age, nor his sacred office, protected him from arrest and imprisonment and all their accompanying indignities, hardships and injustices.

The Japanese theory and practice of obtaining evidence proved to be to obtain confession from the victims. When, in point of fact, the man who had been arrested was entirely innocent of the charges worked up by the police, recourse was had to duress and torture to extract "confession." The police are apparently rewarded when confessions are obtained and are discredited if the reverse. It is understandable that such a system should lead to excesses. It also leads to situations which are Gilbertian. There was more than one instance of examiners almost pleading with prisoners to recollect some trivial or technical breach of the law so that the examiner should not be discredited or lose promotion!

In Shanghai it was the same story. A group of British business men living in that International City were arrested for alleged anti-Japonism and pro-British activities. This at a time before Japan had declared war on Britain. How comes it that Japan claims jurisdiction in peace time over the activities of foreign nationals living outside Japan and under their own government? These men were thrown into cells which they shared with syphilitic Japanese and Chinese gunmen; with the scum of Shanghai and with gentle Chinese girl students held for "dangerous thoughts." Later they were given solitary confinement, where one was unfortunate enough to develop pneumonia; he became delirious and unconscious and was left lying soiled and helpless in his own excreta.

There were confirmed stories of war atrocities and inhuman treatment of prisoners. Of bayonet practice on captured Chinese; of death penalty for men whose crime was only that they had attempted to escape; of expedients and impositions specially de-

signed to humiliate the hated European and drag his prestige literally to the latrine. The stories of outrage and cruelty are difficult to credit, indeed; even when one is compelled by the evidence to give them intellectual credence one is apt to be left with a sort of emotional incredulity. Can human beings really have behaved like this? Yes. Japan did so behave, and the man who insinuates or says that it was not Japan "only a few irresponsible underlings" who did so, is misrepresenting the truth. The man who, overborne by the evidence, admits the fact and the agent but says that for this crime there is no one who is actually responsible and that none should be held to accountability, is an enemy to the moral order and to that justice without which there is no foundation for civilization; he is not even a friend of Japan, for there is no future for Japan except through that straight and narrow door which acknowledges fact and accepts responsibility for national conduct. The evidence compels us to judge that Japan committed these outrages.

It is wiser, and should prove more constructive, to accept the light of modern science (and ancient wisdom) on this phenomenon, than merely to be horrified or infuriated by the facts. We are all human, and Freud has taught us a number of startling facts about human nature (we might have learned them from the Bible, and there with a juster proportion and emphasis). Sadistic pleasure is a fact; and all of us, including the Japanese, are human. A confession is perhaps not out of order here. I still remember the zest with which, as a child of five, I watched a chicken having its head cut off; its spurting neck and convulsed body. What a nasty affair! I also remember, as a boy of twelve, how I killed an unfortunate rabbit with my heel on its neck and felt some satisfaction in my power over it. What a revolting memory!

But human nature does not need to stay like that. It can be, and constantly is being, changed; Freud calls it "sublimation"; to use simpler and truer words, men and women repent and reform. A major strain of sadism disgraces and degrades Japan. Let her confess her sin before God and her crime against men. Let her repent, quickly. Let her attempt such poor restitution as is within her power. All this before man's anger and the more terrible retribution of God overtake and destroy her.

Our voyage on the "Tatsuta Maru" was uneventful. We were courteously treated and reasonably served by the stewards. We saw almost nothing of ship's officers. Doubtless precautionary force was in the background, but there was no evidence of armed guards. The ship was crowded—we were glad it was. Washing facilities were poor as water had to be restricted.

Lourenco Marques and Home.

We arrived in Lourenco Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, on 28th August, and spent two weeks in that delightful town.

The Portuguese proved themselves most benevolent of neutrals. One could not but be warmed by their kindness towards us. Then there was the wonderful South African branch of the Red Cross. Their generosity was amazing. Our only real difficulty—to avoid being pauperized. There were stores of clothing waiting for any and all who had lost their belongings.

Then the parting of the ways in ships to Britain, India and Australia.

For those of us who were bound for Australia and New Zealand the next stage on our journey was to Durban, and what a thrill it was to step out again on to British soil! We spent six weeks in Durban. There were about 100 in the party waiting for a ship to take us to Australia. So far on our journey we had travelled care free about danger of attack for we had enjoyed the diplomatic privilege of safe-conduct. From Durban to Australia we share—as it is fair that we should share—the risks of all our fellow-countrymen, sailors, soldiers and the rest called upon to face the perils of the sea in war-time.

Nevertheless in all eventualities the promise stands, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee," and truth it is as Shakespeare tells us that

Journeys end in lovers' meetings.

P.S.—November 16th, '42.

So this is Australia! How rich! How wonderful! How packed with wealth and warmth of welcome! Journeys have ended in lovers' meetings. This journey, grace and favours all the way! A well-found ship. Perils indeed on the deep but they touched us not. Nor was there any strain at all. One sort of expects that a British Captain and his staff will inspire confidence in times of difficulty, but to find cabin stewards and stewardesses and table waiters and the ship's barber all just carrying on and not a flutter. Well, how could passengers do other than breathe the atmosphere—the exhilarating atmosphere, where men and women are heroic and entirely oblivious of the fact?

And now we are really back and want to do our bit for that better world that must be made out of all this turmoil; the travail out of which may be born, if we are willing to have it that way, **a new humanity.**



S. John Bacon
Melbourne

Every Australian should read

Preface to Peace with Japan

by

DR. C. I. McLAREN

His thirty years' residence within the Japanese Empire and his experience as a practising doctor and professor of psychological medicine in a cosmopolitan and Christian medical college, entitle him to speak with authority on those psychological and spiritual factors which are pre-requisite of an enduring peace.

4/6

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
EARLY DECEMBER, 1943